

THE LADY'S

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY.

VOL. X.]

Saturday, March 17,....1810.

[NO. 21.]

THE SISTERS OF ROSEDALE; OR, MODERN ADOPTION.

A NOVEL.

(Continued.)

PLEADING a violent headache, which depressed his spirits, and rendered him unpleasant company, he declared his intention of remaining at home, but added, that as he was assured they would find the afterpiece very tedious and insipid, he thought it would be compassionate of them to return and sit an hour with him, previously to their return. Matilda would have excused herself; but Maitland overruled her scruples, and finally promised for her. When the play was over, they walked from the theatre, and found the nobleman in far better spirits than they had left him; a light repast had been prepared in their absence, of which he pressed them so warmly to partake, that a refusal was impossible. After each had taken a few glasses of wine, the bonds of reserve seemed to be severed—Matilda chatted and coquetted with her accustomed gaiety,—and

his lordship expressed his admiration in language rather more ardent than his age seemed to authorize. Maitland seemed at first a little disconcerted; but by degrees assumed an air of composure and satisfaction; which Matilda observed with surprise, and a sensation of piqued vanity. The hours seemed to fly in such agreeable society; and when at length the hour arrived at which Matilda knew that Lady Fitzgerald would return from the concert to which she was engaged, she rather reluctantly rose to depart. The servant, who had been dispatched for a coach, returned without one; and as it had turned out a wet evening, Maitland protested he would himself seek the town thro' till he found one. The nobleman with insinuating gallantry, applauded his resolution, and Maitland left the room; when his lordship, catching Matilda's hand, entreated to know what sort of engagement subsisted between her and Maitland. This was a question which Matilda was wholly unprepared to answer; she was ashamed to acknowledge that she had given her company so unreservedly to a man, to whom she was

under no serious engagement ; and the confusion of her looks was a sufficient answer for his lordship, who, with much adroitness, gave her to understand that he should be particularly happy if she would endeavour to transfer her regard to himself. Matilda, who was not yet so much a victim to the tender passion as to be deaf to the voice of ambition, thought she had made an important conquest ; and was still more highly gratified by his lordship informing her that he had before seen and admired her, when she did not know of his being present ; which had indeed been the case, though in a manner little suspected by Matilda, who returned home to dream of a title and a coronet, which was far, far beyond her reach.

Not so delusive were the visions of the contented Fanny ; happy in the affections of a virtuous young man, she looked forward only to that period, when the independence acquired by honest industry, would enable her faithful Wm. to make her his wife ; his parents had positively refused their consent to the marriage, and nothing remained for them but patient endurance of unmerited severity. The declining health of Mrs. Dawson was alone sufficient to depress the spirits of an affectionate daughter—but the delightful assurance of her William's regard, served to fortify her heart against affliction, and [was her only support under the dreadful shock which awaited

her. One morning a letter, bearing the London post-mark, arrived ; it had been long anxiously expected at the cottage, and was received by Mrs. Dawson with delight and eagerness—but who can describe her consternation, when the contents were unfolded to her view—the paper dropped from her nerveless fingers, her eyes closed with anguish unutterable, and she sunk back on her pillow, as if life had forsaken her already exhausted frame. Fanny caught up the letter with trembling apprehension : it was from Lady Fitzgerald, and contained these words :—

“MADAM,

“It is not in my power to offer you consolation, who am so much in need of it myself. My adoption of your daughter has ended most disgracefully and unhappily for us both—all I can inform you is, that she has quitted my protection, and is on her passage to New-York, with one who will, I fear, make her too sensible of his baseness.

“LETITIA FITZGERALD.”

“Dear mother, what can be done ?” cried Fanny, clasping her fainting parent in her arms, “pray exert yourself, or I shall lose you too—dear mother, you will kill yourself if you do not struggle against this affliction.” “Matilda ! Matilda ! exclaimed Mrs. Dawson, wildly, “Did you not tell me she was lost ?—Oh, wretched girl ! I feel she has broken my

heart.—Why did I ever permit her to leave me?" It was in vain that Fanny endeavoured to calm the agitation of her mother, with encouraging hopes that all might yet end well. William offered to go immediately to London, to make every necessary enquiry; and his offer was gladly accepted by Fanny, who felt every sentiment of grateful tenderness for the promptness with which he was ever ready to serve or assist her. Unhappily, however, his kindness was unavailing. Mrs Dawson was seized with a fever and delirium, which in less than a week terminated her existence, and the afflicted Fanny was left forlorn and disconsolate, awaiting the return of William in a state of mind bordering on distraction.

When young Meadows arrived in town, he hastened to Portman Square, where he sent in his name, and was immediately admitted to Lady Fitzgerald. Meadows then, after some apologies for the unpleasantness of his interference, begged her ladyship to impart to him with confidential frankness, the real situation of the unfortunate Matilda, expressing also, in the warmth of his zeal, his determined vengeance against her seducer. Lady Fitzgerald seemed greatly agitated, and when he ceased to speak, she took his hand, and said calmly, but in a tone of extreme dejection—"Your resentment, my dear sir, however just, against the offender, is una-

vailing; he is at present beyond your reach; and even were he on the spot, I doubt whether either our will or power would extend to his injury." "I do not comprehend you, madam," said William. "Perhaps not," she replied, "it is a subject on which I cannot be more explicit at present: all I can venture to tell you now is, that my husband, Lord Fitzgerald, is the aggressor." Meadows started—"Is it possible?" he exclaimed, "can the earth contain such a depraved wretch?" "It is but too true," returned Lady Fitzgerald, sighing—"it was my fate to be united very early in life to a man of the most libertine principles. The attractions of Lord Fitzgerald dazzled my youthful fancy, and I gave him my hand before I knew any thing of his real character. But the mask of affection was laid aside soon after our marriage; his irregularities produced perpetual uneasiness, which by degrees paved the way to a separation, agonizing to my feelings, and in some degree injurious to my reputation. But time subdued the keenness of my first affliction, till this fresh insult has again opened the wounds which time had almost closed. I feel that I shall not long survive this shock; and I beg you to believe that it is not the smallest of my regrets that I have unknowingly been the means of heaping distress on those whom I meant to serve. Meadows requested to be informed of the particulars. Lady

Fitzgerald then explained to him every circumstance, as has been already related. "I attach considerable blame to myself," said she, "that I was so inattentive to what was passing under my own roof. Those who have the care of youth, cannot be too vigilant; every moment that they pass out of our sight, may be a moment of peril to themselves. The vile Mailand, who was in fact the despicable tool of my lord's licentiousness, accompanied them abroad. What will be the fate of the poor deluded girl, I know not; but I dread it will be similar to that of several others, who have, like her, forgotten their duty, or listened only to the dictates of ambition." "But is it to be supposed, that Matilda knew his lordship to be a married man?" enquired Meadows, with a countenance expressive of horror. "It is the only extenuation of her fault, to say that she did not," replied Lady Fitzgerald, "and if she has any remains of honour or sensibility, deep and lasting must be her anguish when she discovers the truth to the destruction of all her hopes.—Little also is to be expected from the generosity or principles of Lord Fitzgerald." Meadows quitted Lady Fitzgerald with depressed spirits, and reflexions of a most melancholy cast: he dreaded to return with the afflicting intelligence of this aggravated misfortune, and deeply lamented the weakness of Mrs. Dawson in suffering her daughter

to quit her own protection for that of a stranger, for any consideration of future aggrandizement. "Never," he exclaimed, "shall my children quit the maternal bosom, to move in a more elevated sphere—honesty, temperance, and frugality, shall be their accomplishments; nor shall they exchange our humble comforts for all the splendour which can be procured through the dangerous means of modern adoption.

With thoughts such as these was he occupied, when he reached the cottage on his return—all around was gloomy and silent; he lifted the well known latch, and entered, but what a distressing scene did he encounter—his amiable and beloved Fanny was kneeling by the side of her mother's corpse, her hand clasping the icy fingers of that parent, who could no longer press it with affection; and her cheek, scarcely less pallid than that over which death had cast his ghastly hue, rested on the same pillow. She started up at his entrance, recognized her beloved William, and fainted in his arms. Never does the faithful heart feel so strongly attached, as in the moment of affliction; every other tie on earth seems severed; and, in that moment, when William beheld her resting in his arms, as her only place of refuge in this life, he clasped her to his breast, and vowed that no power on earth should separate them.

[To be continued.]

O. W. will excuse our neglect in not publishing his very valuable essay sooner—it was inadvertently mislaid. We recommend an attentive perusal of it to those who have the honor of their country at heart, and to those who affect to despise every production that is of native genius. This, and the preceding number, on the same subject, show in true colors, the too contemptible estimation, through our own neglect, in which we are held, and we hope act as a stimulus to raise our degraded reputation for literary acquirements to that zenith which our civil and religious policy so eminently qualify us.

We hope O. W. will continue his praiseworthy endeavours to dissipate the hostile spirit which is but too frequently evinced to whatever bears the stamp of American origin. The too credulous idea ought to be deprecated. There should be as much of the *amor patriæ* extant here as in Europe. Nothing can more tend to depress the efforts of genius than sneering into nothingness their ebullitions—besides, without the fostering care of a liberal community, their effusions will be lost, and all attempts at improvement must of course perish.

.....
For the Lady's Miscellany.
....

I mentioned in my last number (on the tardy advances literature makes in America) the universal prejudice all persons generally bear to local attainments, as one probable cause why we fall so far short of other nations, in the variety, beauty, and number of our

scientific works; there are however, many other reasons upon which arguments can be adduced, to account for the backwardness evinced by the Americans in their cultivation of the fine arts; but, as I wish to discuss the subject with as much laconism as possible, I shall content myself with pointing out only one or two, in addition to that already treated upon. It is the standing observation of foreigners, that *politics* engross the whole attention of our people, and that when our students learn oratory enough to declaim with enthusiasm—logic sufficient to puzzle and distract the brains of a statesman; with a competency of rhetoric to enable them to write strictures upon government, they consider themselves (without any other acquirements,) as having arrived at the very *summum bonum* of human perfection. I am sorry to say there is too much reality in the assertion, for while hot-headed politicians are cavilling and contending for rights they do not understand, they lose the peaceful serenity, advantages, and happiness they might otherwise possess. The political mania, which rages in America, bears some analogy to the river *Pinto* in Spain, it petrifies and communicates an indelible tinge to whatever it comes in contact with. It is the great *whirlpool*, upon the brink of which, all the relative duties of life; all the mild and amiable accomplishments; all social plea-

tures ; are drawn, and at a single influx, forever wheeled and engulfed. Man can carefully guard his rights, without being in a perpetual state of tumult and alarm ! better be without our boasted goddess of Liberty, if she is of so fickle a nature, as to compel us to pass all our best hours in devotion of her shrine ! No, the truth is, the altar of freedom is too often *profaned* ; we overlook the real good, follow a deluding phantom, and, (as Horace says) *decipimur specie recti*.—Political virulence, and party bickerings, will never add to the fame or dignity of a nation, and so long as they continue to predominate, so long must we expect art and science to remain in the back ground.

It is also observable that numbers of our young men (particularly in this city) conceive that if their education hath been *liberal*, nothing more is requisite.—They commence their collegiate studies with the sole view of obtaining a *diploma*, and when that is effected, by a *little* study, and *much* assistance, they bid adieu to all future exertions, and should a doubt arise as to their *abilities*, you are immediately presented with their *degree* of *Bachelor* or *Master of Arts* ! But if gentlemen are so stupid as to believe that two or three shillings worth of parchment is to be the test and ultimate criterion of their talents, they are most egregiously deceived : the wise must have better proof, or such *pretend-*

ers will only subject themselves to laughter and contempt. Three or four years of desultory study, tho' of great advantage, goes but little way towards forming a man of learning. The ground parcelled out, must be improved with the utmost care, or it soon becomes almost as steril and waste as in its pristine state. If those who have had the advantage of a good education were to be assiduous in extending their researches ; if they were to devote a few hours out of the twenty-four to study, instead of *puerile* amusements, and would consent, in preference to wasting their nights at *Billiard-tables*, to lay down the *mace* and substitute the *pen*, doubtless our literary papers would not be quite as sleepy as they are at present usually represented. And though they receive no *immediate* compensation, they would be enlarging their understandings, benefiting the world, and what ought to be of the utmost consequence, assisting to wipe away the stain of *ignorance* attached to our national character.

To sum up the whole in one view—We should uniformly discountenance all those who speak contemptuously of *American* productions, and to persevere, until the difficulties we have to encounter, either as to study or encouragement, are overcome or vanish. We should be just to, and watchful over, the liberties of our country, without devoting our time

solely to that purpose, and so order our trifling pleasures, that they might not interfere or encroach upon the hours set apart for serious improvement. Let those who feel a *real* interest in their country's welfare and respectability, adopt some such rules as are here prescribed, and I take upon myself to predict, that ere long AMERICA will not consent to yield the laurel of literary fame to any nation upon earth; neither will any *blush* to own her as an *equal* in *scientific eminence*.

O. W.

Kitt's Bay, February, 1810.

REMARKABLE SUICIDE.

IN a coffee-house, in a city of Livonia, a man one day made the following proposition:—"I am tired of life, and if any body would be of my party, I would not hesitate to quit this world." Nobody answering him, he said no more: but after some time, all the company having left the room, except two persons, these came up to him and asked him if he were really serious in the proposition which he had made. "Yes, gentlemen," said he, in a determined tone of voice, "I never speak without due reflexion, and I never retract what I have advanced." "Then we will be of your party, for we have formed the same design." "Why so, gentlemen? My actions are always determined by an adeq. 1. 16

motive, and I am incapable of urging a man to adhere to such a resolution as this, unless his misfortunes be such as to render life insupportable to him."

"We are loaded with debts, without the means of discharging them. We are unable to live any longer with honor, and we are incapable of having recourse to base and dishonourable means. Those whose hopes will be disappointed by our death, have already received much more than they were legally entitled to."

"I had one day," said one of them, "the good luck to break a considerable bank at Spa. I was immediately surrounded by sharpers, who proposed to play with me. I lost all my winnings in a few deals, and much more. I gave a note for the surplus, which I cannot take up."

"I (said the other) had a commission in the army. I had given proofs of courage, and had merited promotion, in order to obtain which, I contracted some debts. But a young nobleman, who had never been in action, having been advanced over my head, I gave in my resignation, without reflecting, until it was too late, that I had no other resource in the world. The number of my creditors has increased, and I have now no credit with any one. I know my inability to fulfil my engagements, and, determined to impose on no man, I

am compelled to put an end to my existence.'

"Gentlemen," replied the man who had given rise to this conversation, "I admire your principles, your resolution, and your firmness. If, however, I possessed the means of removing the ground of your despair, I should feel happy in making you renounce your noble project, but all that I have left will barely suffice to pay for a supper, if you will accept one; and at the last bottle we will immortalize ourselves!"—"Bravo!" exclaimed the others, "this is admirable."

The day was fixed, and an excellent supper was ordered; the table was covered with dainties, and there was plenty of the best wines. A strong dose of arsenic was put into one bottle, which was to be drunk the last. While these preparations were making, the two debtors repaired to a neighbouring house of ill-fame, where they met with another man, who had come thither to console himself, in the arms of venal beauty, for the rigour which he experienced from a lady to whom he paid his addresses. But this den of corruption only filled him with disgust and horror. He became gloomy and melancholy. When in this humour, he was addressed by the other two persons, who after some conversation, informed him of their design. He seemed to relish it, and to be disposed to make a fourth in the party. In the

state of mind in which he then was, the task of persuasion was easy; they blinded his judgment by their sophistry, and he accompanied them to the place.

The person who was to pay for the supper, expecting only two guests, was surprised at seeing a third. He enquired into the motives which had influenced the determination of his new colleague, and, being satisfied with them, they all sat down to table. The original proposer of the plan was in a very good humour, and made a long speech on the resolution which he had formed. "I have," said he, "seen so much of human life, that I suspect there is little more for me to see. Every thing tends to convince me that man is a very poor creature, and that he can only be happy by contributing to the happiness of others. One person may do this in one way, another in another, but I could only do it with my fortune; and I accordingly employed it for that purpose in the best manner I could. If any one proved to me, in a plausible way, that a certain sum would make him happy, I gave it him. The consequence was, that my fortune was soon spent; and I am now ruined and wholly unable to render a service to any man. It would be possible, indeed, to subsist by my labour; but I should infallibly sink under such a mode of life; and besides I cannot believe that any man ought to exist for himself

alone."—The last of our heroes here interrupted the philosopher; "that is the very point on which I must contradict you. If man did not exist for himself, as you suppose, and you have proved by your life, that such is your opinion, I certainly ought to continue to live. But I, who am of a different opinion, and who have lived only for myself, finding no more pleasure in life, am resolved to quit it."

"Every man, my friend," replied the first, "has his own mode of thinking on this subject, and acts accordingly. There can be no wish, then, to make proselytes. You will die in pursuance of your own system, and I in pursuance of mine."

Much more conversation ensued on the fragility of life; many traits, ancient and modern, were cited in favour of suicide; and, during this discussion, the young candidate remained pensive. The bottle was freely circulated, and a thousand reasons were urged, each exceeding the other in absurdity. They took the last bottle but one, which they drank with firmness, to a happy meeting, and without betraying the smallest symptom of irresolution. At length they came to the last bottle. The philosopher took it, saying, "In this reposes the immortality which we shall soon enjoy. It is the precious panacea which makes the wretched forget their cares, and

cures the rich man's pains. It reminds us that we are free; it is liberty to the slave, gold to the poor, tranquillity to the restless, and happiness to the miserable!"

He divided the bottle into four equal parts; then, taking his glass in his hand, said, "I die tranquil and contented. Heaven gave me wealth to distribute, and I distributed it as well as I could. I came into the world to live amongst men, and for them; not having the ability to be any longer of use to them, I take my leave. I am induced to adopt this measure from the despair into which I should be plunged, if any one of the unfortunate beings, whom I have been accustomed to relieve, were to come and implore that assistance which I am unable to afford him. I believe in the existence of a future life, and I hope to pass from this world into another where I shall be able to do more good." After this exposition of his philosophy, he emptied his glass, to the very last drop.

The other two then took their glasses. "We have no occasion," said they, "for such profound reasoning. We expect to be visited to-morrow by the same number of creditors who besieged us this morning, and of whom we had considerable difficulty to rid ourselves. What reason can be assigned to prevent us from withdrawing ourselves from such persecution? *We believe in Predesti-*

tion, and it was our destiny that we should finish our days here." They both emptied their glasses without hesitation.

It now came to the turn of the fourth, who took his glass in his hand, held it up to the candle, then putting it down on the table, said, "You have done me the honour, gentlemen, to admit me into your company, and I thank you for it. By your observation I have acquired a knowledge of death which I did not possess before. I was led to wish for it by some painful occurrences, and a deep melancholy consequent thereon. I now know the madness of such a wish, it was not death that I should have desired, but sufficient firmness to die. My wish is accomplished; you, gentlemen, have given me that sublime lesson. I shall not censure the motives that have engaged you to quit the world; on such a topic, every man must judge for himself. But my situation is absolutely different from yours. I owe nothing to any man. I must, therefore, have some other reasons for taking this beverage, which you are pleased to call immortality, and which shines with such brilliancy in this glass. The sophisms of that gentleman had rather disconcerted me, and, in the state of my mind at that time, I yielded to his opinion; but reflexion has come to my aid. I have a considerable fortune, and two profligate brothers, who wish for my death, that they

might squander it in the most scandalous manner."

Here the poison beginning to operate, one of the debtors, with distorted features, begged him to finish his speech, because it would be too cruel for him to survive them, and suffer alone. "I have little more," added the other, "to say. I have never before seen a man in his last moments. You have now afforded me the opportunity, and I confess to you, gentlemen, that the kind of death which you have chosen, only fills me with horror. The very sight of you makes me shudder. It was only in a moment of madness, that I could give my approbation to your project, and consent to follow your example. If I am so fortunate as to open my eyes in time, do you be still so wise as not to accuse me of cowardice, and accept my excuses for having so inconsiderately consented to make a fourth. May the pleasing hopes which you have formed be realized. May you be happier in the next world than you have been in this!" He then rose to leave the room. "But," exclaimed the others, "did not you promise, upon your honour, to do as we did?" "True, gentlemen, but you should congratulate yourselves on my conversion. Applaud yourselves for that return to my senses which your dreadful example has occasioned." He cast a look of pity upon them. They all endeavoured to follow him, but could not.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

DIALOGUE

Between a Printer, a Subscriber, and a Bystander.

Sub.—Mr. Printer, I hope you don't mean to sue us all, as you threaten in the paper.

Print.—It is not my wish, Sir, to put any man to cost; but self-preservation is the first law of nature.

Sub.—But I have taken your paper a long time to *encourage* you, and I will leave it to this gentleman, whether it will be generous to sue me.

Bystander.—When, sir, a man has been indebted to me a long time, it is rather a reason that I should sue him, than that I should continue to trust him. But if every subscriber expects the printer to credit him, how is he to pay for *paper*, even allowing that, like the Camelcon, he can live *upon air*.

Sub.—Why, I suppose that some of his patrons pay him, if I don't.

Bystander....Doubtless there are some, who, to their honour, pay punctually, and thus keep the press and mill going, while drowsy delinquents enjoy, as long as they are

permitted, the fruits of others' labours.

Sub.—But I have not received all my papers.

Bystander.—That may be the fault of the carrier; therefore the printer ought not to be punished for it; and as he works up the same quantity of paper every week I dare say he is more punctual in sending the papers, than the subscribers are in paying for them.

Sub.—I suspect, sir, by your observations, that you are the *paper-maker*.

Bystander.—Your suspicion is correct—but I shall not supply him with paper much longer, unless he pays me more punctually than his subscribers have paid him.

Sub.—Well, Mr. Printer, make out your bill, I will pay it; and then you may dun as sharp as you please; I shan't feel it.

Green. Gaz.

[COMMUNICATED.]

ANOTHER MISERY.

Having promised to go out riding with Ladies, and while they are waiting at the door for you, in putting on tight boots, to pull the *straps* from one, and *burst* the side out of the other—not being pro-

vided with a second pair to supply the defect!—*ah! misericorde!*

LONDON FASHIONS,

For January.

Evening dress.

An Albanian robe of Sicilian blue velvet, crape, or poplin, with long sleeves, ornamented up the front with silver buttons, of the large pea form, embellished on each side, and round the bottom with a silver vandyke border; bosom and cuffs to correspond. When this robe is formed of crape, or any light material, it must unquestionably be worn over a white satin or sarsnet slip. A Persian helmet cap of white satin, or silver-frosted velvet, turned up in front, and on one side, where it is ornamented, with a Tuscan border of silver; on the other is placed a curled ostrich feather. The necklace and ear-rings worn with this attractive costume, must either consist of diamonds, pearls, or gold; any coloured gem would immediately vulgarize and destroy its chaste effect. The slipper is here represented of the same colour as the robe, and is trimmed with silver; we think, however, that those of white satin, or kid, are to be preferred.

Child's dress.

A circassian frock of Italian crape, or India muslin, white slip-pers of pink satin or kid, with silver clasp.

Pelisses.

Pelisses have undergone but little alteration, either in their form or texture, since our last observations. They are still made to fit tight to the shape, to button down the front with small raised silk buttons, left broad over the bosom and shoulders, but sloped in something narrower to the fall of the back behind: a cestus encircles the waist, and is fastened by a button before; the newest trimming is a velvet about two inches in breadth. We have seen several elegant women in fine black cloth pelisses, ornamented with the narrowest gold braiding. Cinnamon brown is, however, the reigning colour in this style of dress. Mazarine continues to be much worn. Grass green, it is expected, will succeed to it.

LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 17, 1810.

The City Inspector reports the death of 45 persons, (of whom 10 were men, 11 women, 14 boys, and 10 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last:—viz.—Of apoplexy 1, burnt 1, cold 1, consumption 8, convulsions 1, debility 1, decay 4, dropsy 4, drowned 1, eruption 2, puerperal fever 2, typhus fever 1, hives 1, inflammation of the brain 1, old age 2, palsy 1, pleurisy 1, sprue 1, still-born

5, sudden death 1, syphilis 1, teething 1, and 3 of whooping-cough.

The person burnt was a woman subject to fits, who fell into the fire.—The case of drowned was Hugh Dougherty, a native of Ireland.—One of the still-born children was taken up in the street, and another in the river, near the Battery.

During the tremendous gale on Monday night, the *Great Elm tree* at Kensington, under which, it is said, William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, ratified his first treaty with the Aborigines, was torn up by the roots. This celebrated tree, having stood the blasts of more than a century since that memorable event, is at length prostrated to the dust! It had long been used as a land-mark, and handsomely terminated a north east view of the city and liberties, on the Delaware.

It is an extraordinary fact, that a short time since, there was not a single prisoner in the jail at Salem, of any description whatever.

We are informed that the rev. John M. Mason, D. D. resigned his functions, as pastor of the Scotch Presbyterian church in this city, on Tuesday evening. His reasons were stated to a special meeting of the congregation, called for that purpose.

The treasurer of the society for the relief of Poor Widows, with Small Children, grateful for the liberal contribution made at a charity sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. Romeyn, at the Presbyterian Church in Cedar-Street, acknowledge the receipt of six hundred and ten dollars, and eighty seven cents.

It is stated in many of the Southern papers, that on the 22d ult. there was a bloody battle on the Banks of Youghany, in Pennsylvania, among an immense flock of crows—nearly 7000 were left dead on the field, amongst which, was a white one!

On Sunday morning, the 25th ult. about two o'clock, the White-house Tavern, and buildings, at the Long Glades, Fairfax County, Virginia, were destroyed by fire. The stable was set fire to, which communicated with the other buildings. Fortunately a negro woman was ironing in the kitchen, who heard a sudden noise of the fowls in the stable. On opening the door, the fire was discovered, which raged with great fury. The family were instantly alarmed, and saved part of the goods in the store, and most of their furniture. Three horses were burnt in the stable. We are happy to hear that the incendiary, a negro, has since been discovered, by dropping a small button half a mile distant.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The satirical critic of "*Sigismundus*," on Master Payne's personification of *Romeo*, is inadmissible. However willing we may be to oblige a correspondent, we are not inclined to damp the ardor of rising genius. On any other subject, that is admissible, as we perceive he has considerable talent, we will be happy to hear from him.



MARRIED,

On Sunday Evening, 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Capt. Charles Stuard, of Providence, R. I. to Mrs. Margaret Williams, of this city.

On Thursday evening, 8th inst. at Red-Hook, L. Island, by the Rev. Mr. Woodhull, Mr. John Reed, Jun. merchant of this city, to Miss Eleanor Van Dyke, daughter of Mr. Nicholas Van Dyke of the former place.

In Georgetown, on the 22d February, by the Rev. Dr. Gantt, the Hon. William B. Giles, senator of the United States, to Miss Frances Ann Gwynn, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Peyton Gwynn, of Virginia.

On Wednesday evening, by the rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. George Finch, to Miss Elizabeth Winter-skale, both of this city.

At Baltimore, Capt. Edward Riddle, to Miss Eliza Shahanasey.

At Charleston, Andrew Hassell, Esq. to Miss Hannah C. Asher.

At the same place, Christopher Gadsen, Esq. to Miss Mary S. Asher.

DIED,

On Thursday evening, in the 18th year of her age, Eliza Kermit, only daughter of Capt. Henry Kermit.

On Tuesday, at Newtown, L. I. the rev. Nathan Woodhull, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, in the 54th year of his age.

On the 8th inst. Mrs. Sarah Griswold, relict of the late Joseph Griswold, in the 83th year of her age.

At Montreal, the 13th of February last, after a short illness, Mr. Francis Del Vecchio, aged 38 years, brother of Messrs. Joseph and John Del Vecchio, of this city.

At Paris, on the 5th Dec. Peter Dufournet, formerly physician and patriarch of the Free-Masons, in the 120th year of his age!

In Stanhope-street, London, on the 9th of Jan. Admiral Dacres.

At Rhode Island, Mr. James Bringhurst, aged 83, of Philadelphia.

In Lower Canada, Col. Abraham Cuyler, formerly Mayor of Albany.



NATURE AND THE PASSIONS.

THE stranger awoke, and with wonder
survey'd

The unexplor'd regions on which she
was thrown ;

Rude *Chaos* the scene—and the infantile
maid

Was *Nature*, just risen from sources
unknown.

Her form, the fair abstract of *infinite*
thought,

The unblemish'd model of harmony
mov'd ;

Her accents the spirit of melody taught,
Her smile was celestial—and heaven
approv'd.

But scarce could the infant existence ad-
mire,

When hosts of rude dæmons encoun-
ter'd the child,

Revenge and rough *Anger*, with optics
of fire,

And frenzy-struck *Terror* shrieked
horribly wild.

Attended by *Rapine*, fell *Murder* ap-
pear'd,

Led onward by *Avarice* *Malice*, and
Hate :

Their snaky crests *Envy* and *Jealousy*
rear'd.

As blood-stained *Ambition* tore lau-
rels from *Fate*.

This phalanx of fiends, with *Despair* in
their train,

With scourges of scorpions the infant
assail'd,

And pityless heard the sweet stranger
complain,

Deep deluged in sorrow which no-
thing avail'd.

Compassion beheld—and to regions
above,

In the incense of sighs her petition
convey'd ;

Infinity heard, and the answer was
Love,

Who came in the garb of an angel
array'd.

Her presence made cruel *Ambition* de-
part,

Hate, *Murder*, and *Rapine* the god-
dess confest ;

Her touch palsied *Malice*, and blunted
his dart,

And even lank *Avarice* opened his
breast.

She spoke—and *Revenge* was subdued
by the charm ;

She smil'd—and the scene was de-
serted by *Fear* ;

She sigh'd—and pale *Jealousy* fled with
alarm ;

She wept—and rough *Anger* dissolv'd
in the tear.

Her magic the vulture transform'd to
the dove,

And *Nature* again was delighted and
blest—

Thus each ruder passion is subject to
Love,

The genius that tempers and governs
the rest.

SELIM.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

TO MISS ——— OF S. B.

BRIGHT Titania have I seen
 Lightly trip the dewy green ;
 Oft I've seen her fairy train,
 Dance by moonlight on the plain.
 But in vain was all their art,
 You alone have touch'd my heart ;
 When the balmy evening breeze
 Murmurs through the spreading trees,
 Borne on zephyr's airy wing,
 Sweetest music will I sing.
 When the storm around you roars,
 When the rain its torrent pours,
 Then in peace your eye-lids close,
 For Ariel watches your repose.

ARIEL.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

SARAH.

SARAH was handsome, in prime of
 her youth,
 Sarah had feeling and taste—
 For a chaste education directed by
 truth,
 Her native endowments had grac'd.

Her words were the breath of an elo-
 quent mind,
 Her eye its precursor and guide ;
 She saw and she spoke, she could ne'er
 be unkind,
 Who ne'er learnt the feelings of
 pride.

Her heart, yet by fashion unsullied, like
 heav'n,
 On ev'ry glad bosom would glow ;
 And her tears, like its dews, were as
 readily giv'n,
 To cherish the victim of woe.

Young Henry beheld her—he saw and
 he lov'd,

He had found a congenial soul ;
 And Sarah too smil'd, when she felt and
 approv'd

A sensation she could not control.

Where honour and innocence meet, is
 unknown

The insidious veil of disguise ;
 But by words had they sought the fond
 flame to disown,
 Conviction had flash'd from their eyes.
 HYALE.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

To a young lady, for a present, bearing
 the form of a Diamond.

LET India boast her stores of wealth,
 In glittering dust, or massive ore,
 This emblem of her richest gems,
 Boasts, whence it came, a richer
 store.

A secret mine, whose brilliant wealth
 Was ne'er to glittering spars con-
 fin'd ;

Where gems in native splendor shine,
 And radiate only thro' the mind.

S. I. H.

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